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CONTENTS

Miss Gillard's Letter - - - - - - 4
Valete - - - - - - - - - 5
Literay - - - - - - - - - 6
School - - - - - - - - - 7
Friendships - - - - - - - - 7
Stars - - - - - - - - - 7
Mending - - - - - - - - - 8
Desiderium - - - - - - - - 8
Joe - - - - - - - - - 9
Tinker Bell - - - - - - - - 9
Beauty - - - - - - - - - 9
The Imperial Conference at Ottawa - - 10
Ships - - - - - - - - - 10
The Plays - - - - - - - - 11
What I'd Like To See - - - - 11
A River in Flood - - - - - - 12
Nonsense Rhymes - - - - - 12
Morning — Afternoon — Evening - - 12
Bees - - - - - - - - - 14
The Magic Cupboard - - - - - 14
Windy Hill - - - - - - - - 14
The Sunshine Fairy - - - - - 15
The Horses Speak - - - - - 15
Forty Years Ago - - - - - - 17
A March Sun-set - - - - - - 17
Mr Bryan's Visit - - - - - - 18
Cross-Word Puzzle - - - - - 19
A Geography Test - - - - - 20
A Wife or a Library - - - - - 20
A Teddy Bear - - - - - - 21
The School Fire - - - - - - 21
Running - - - - - - - - - 22
King's Hall - - - - - - - - 23
The Storm - - - - - - - - 23
A Defense of Laziness - - - - - 23
On Spiders - - - - - - - - 24
The Gardens - - - - - - - - 25
Let Out On Parole - - - - - 26
Matric Horoscope - - - - - 27
He had just had some Gordon's Gin apparently 28
Sports - - - - - - - - - 29
School Record - - - - - - 32
School Calendar - - - - - - 33
School Directory - - - - - - 34
Staff - - - - - - - - - 36
The Old Girls Association - - - - 37
Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle - - - 46

King's Hall Magazine

Committee

1933

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MISS GILLARD'S LETTER

Dear Girls;-

Although this letter is particularly addressed to those of you who are leaving school, and going out into the world, the practical advice it contains may be of use to you all during your months of leisure.

Be careful in your choice of friends. Always choose as your friends those who have the same standards as yourself. The world will judge you by your friends.

Never be afraid to show your colours. If you take a stand for what you know is right and decent, you will often strengthen someone who is wavering.

See that no one is ever less nice-minded for having known you.

Never be satisfied to lead an empty and self-indulgent life. I am going to quote to you the words which a former English Headmistress once used to her girls. "You can idle about all day, amusing yourslf, and fill your mind with dress and gossip and spite:- perhaps you would feel there was no harm in such a life! No harm! I would rather hear you were dead than that you lived a life like that! On the other hand, every day of your life you can make the wings of your soul grow by an honest bit of self-denial, by an honest bit of work for others, by an honest bit of mental work. Every day you can be more worth knowing."

Keep your ideals high. You may never attain them, but you will be the better for having tried. Browning has expressed this thought very beautifully in his "Andrea del Sarto", and I will close with a quotation from that poem:

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

Yours affectionately,
"Adelaide E. Gillard".



MISS GILLARD



VALETE

Farewells are always hateful. If we do not leave friends behind us, we must regret a barren waste of time; yet when we have made friends, we must regret those whom we may never see again. Still this unpleasant task awaits the editor.

Therefore instead of writing an Editorial, I propose to shed the editorial "we", and say farewell in my own person. I can truthfully say that I shall carry away nothing but happy memories of King's Hall — Memories of friends who taught me to skate, to play basketball, and attempt Canadian slang; of sparkling snow and sunny skies; of pupils whose cheerful friendliness is in keeping with these skies. —

While a teacher in Canada, I have myself learnt some valuable lessons. I have learnt that mistresses are not an alien race to be treated with polite reserve, but that they can be met on common ground as human beings. I have been educated not only for the narrow world of school, but also for the wider world of outside life. For as I have heard Big Ben ring in the New Year hundreds of miles away, I have for perhaps the first time received a faint glimpse of the meaning of the British Empire.

In grateful remembrance for all these things, I now say goodbye. While my remembrance is of the past, yet it also looks forward to meetings in the future. For the words, applied by Horace in a spirit of animadversion, may be converted into an excellent motto for those who have friends Overseas.

Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
They change their sky, but not their heart, who cross the sea.

The Editor.



A is for Algebra — oh! what strife
B is for Betty — full of life
C is for Cecily — tall and slim
D is for Dumb — all chime in
E is for English — oh! how dear!
F is for Fergie — bringing cheer
G is for Geometry — in which we excel?
H is for History — rarely done well
I is for Ink — stains the floor
J is for Jean — out for gore
K is for Kay — oh! what moans
L is for Latin — with Miss Jones
M is for Margarets — and of course Maye
N is for Nonsense — all of the day
O is for Order — a little slack
P is for Prep. — we do not lack
Q is for Quiet — once in awhile
R is for Ruth — always a smile
S is for Stewart — fat and fair
T is for Tea — what a tear!
U is for Us — eleven all told
V is for Vacuum — what our heads hold
W is for Wilson — fixed and firm
X is for Xmas — the end of this term
Y is for Yearning — forever and aye
Z is for Zoo — let's call it a day.

— R. Ponsford (Matric.)

SCHOOL

School is nearly over,
And the holidays are here,
And the fields are filled with clover
And buttercups so dear

— M. McCort.

FRIENDSHIPS

While young and full of youth and hearty laughter,
Through work and play amongst our smiles and tears
Our friendships warm our hearts, or make them bitter,
Mature them such for tasks in later years.

At school we make such friends that n'er forget us,
Our hearts are young and easily impressed,
The love that then is offered to us freely
If taken — not rejected — makes us bless'd.

And yet, while young our parting friends are many,
They come and go like swallows in their flight;
They mostly leave us better for their coming
If we have chosen wisely what is right.

Our friendships offer cheerfulness and comfort,
As through our life our hardships leave us prone;
They help us o'er the straight and narrow pathway —
The road that leads us unto God alone.

— B. Snell.

STARS

The little stars are out tonight,
They shine until the morning light;
Then in the day they go to bed,
To sleep until the day is sped.

— M. MacLean.

MENDING

Every Wednesday night there's mending,
Mending that is never ending,
Blouses and buttons torn asunder,
How I get thro' I often wonder.
But after all, on Thursday morn,
I'm thankful for a blouse not torn.

— P. Anglin.

Desiderium

Everywhere in the world there is an unconquerable longing for an object, and desire, which can never be attained. A desire which can not be suppressed; a desire which is not so much a worry as it is a pleasure to possess: a desire of which some people are conscious, and of which others are unaware.

Some are desirous of talent, some of wealth, some of popularity, some of position, and all of these have arisen only out of jealousy. There are some in the world who have never loved, and who are desirous of love — desirous to experience the joy which the hero and heroine in some novel have appeared to experience. Others desire to be scholarly and gain titles, and to see their names frequently in newspapers.

But there are some who have had lower desires, — desires not so worldly but desires more passionately and more fantastically sought. Of these I speak. These desires are found in people who are longing to get away from the life they live (frequently from the very happy life they live), and who are desirous to find some place, where tastes are more varied, and where they could find time to be alone.

These people are mostly the dreamers, who have found that there is not enough time in this world to dream. They may have dreamed of a hill, of a lonely, windy hill, or of a barren cliff, or of a different city with new surroundings, and new acquaintances, or perhaps of a totally different world, resembling their imaginations of the moon.

It is these people who have something to look forward to, and to worry about who are really happy. Because when they are bored they can day dream; when they are overwhelmed by the real beauties of the world, they can realize how wonderful is their dream desire.

MATRICULATION FORM — 1932 - 1933



Front Row (L. to R.) — R. Walters, K. Crabtree (Head girl), R. Ponsford.
Back Row: C. E. Wilmot, J. Buchanan, M. Ferguson, M. Chapman, B. Snell, M. Newton, M. Stewart, C. Wilson.

BASKETBALL TEAM — 1932 - 1933



Front Row (L. to R.) M. Ferguson, B. Snell (Capt.), I. Cressy.
Back Row — M. Du Moulin, K. Crabtree, C. E. Wilmot

JOE

There was an old man named Joe,
He loved to use a hoe;
One day he cut off his toe
By trying to kill his foe.

— J. McCort.

TINKER BELL

Tinker Bell was a little fairy, she was very beautiful and she knew it, so she was vain. One day she was walking along and she saw a poor old gnome sitting by the roadside asking for a drink, she had a bottle of fairy-water in her hand, but do you think she would give some to the gnome? No, she thought she was too beautiful in her lovely blue dress to bother about a silly old gnome.

But! the gnome whom she passed on the roadside was the king of gnomes, and he was just sitting there to test the fairies. The next day was assembly day, and all the fairies were there. The King of gnomes rose up, and said that he would turn any fairy into a flower, if she had been unkind. Now Tinker Bell just stood there with her head hanging down waiting to see what would happen, and Whisko! — when she tried to move, she was stuck to the ground just like a little flower. That is why, when you go for a walk in the woods, you sometimes see a little blue flower with a drooping head. We call it a bluebell, but when you see it the next time you will know what it really is.

— M. MacLean.

BEAUTY

A form of silence, strength and splendid beauty
Aloft doth stand with flowing mane outstretched;
On hill tops crested, soft with luring greenness
And sky of grey to add to beauty — grace.
A little mare so upright, straight and lonely
Stands o'er the world amidst the floating gulls,
And worships there across dark sullen waters
Aloof to all the worldliness below.

— B. Snell.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE AT OTTAWA

By one who knows (not)

In the summer of nineteen thirty-two, it was decided that the British people needed a grand Imperial Conference. They thought awhile, and then decided that the Chateau Laurier was a very 'exclusive', hotel, and chose Ottawa as the scene of their work.

Delegates were chosen from all over the Empire. Nasty fat Princes from India and staid businessmen from the less colourful parts of the British Dominions. All brought their wives and daughters, trunks and valises. Their pictures occupied our Canadian papers, and their doings were also duly registered. Indian girls and Australian were introduced to each other and became friends; everyone spent the nations' money and enjoyed themselves immensely.

And what did these men come to do? Why they came to build high tariff walls and to tear down others. This they did between or when pleasures permitted. The Parliament paid all the clubs a very good price, and the Delegates made themselves at home.

After a month or so they returned home very pleased, after allowing Canada to buy New Zealand butter!

SHIPS

I know of ships from far off lands,
That sail beyond great seas;
They seem to tell of wonderous things,
Of harbours and of quays.

There is the captain fat and bold,
There is the mate so cruel;
There is the crew with iron hands,
Who run the ship with fuel.

I'd love a ship so very much,
I think when I grow big,
I'll be the captain of a boat,
And buy myself a brig.

— E. R. Roy.

THE PLAYS

On March 18th the school produced the three plays: "Duetto," by K. S. Burgess, "The House with the Twisty Windows," by Mary Pakington, and "Changing Places," by Ida Erlich. They were the most important dramatic events of the year, and were all a great success, being varied and well-chosen by the committee of Miss Jones and three girls.

"The House with the Twisty Windows" (produced by Miss Jones), was the tragedy of the three, being the story of six English people imprisoned in Russia. It was very well acted, and there was an atmosphere of the dullness and terror of Russian imprisonment.

"The Duetto," (produced by B. Snell) was a short One-Act play of the type of the Balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet.

The Programme was closed with "Changing Places" (produced by K. Crabtree and B. Buchanan) which was a light comedy in two acts.

Jimmy, as usual, proved a great help to us all, by the erection of the stage, and the placing of the foot-lights.

The evening, however, could never have been so great a success, had not Miss Jones spent much of her valuable time in coaching the players.

— Barbara B. Buchanan.

What I'd Like To See

Miss Gillard eating potatoes.
Miss Huntley in love.
Miss Brewer with an all-day sucker.
Miss Flood cheering for Yale.
Miss Wainwright on time for breakfast.
Miss Keyzer in a frenzy (at a good distance).
Miss Wright with a bottle of alcohol.
Miss Jones taking care of a dozen "Bitters."
Miss Parsons trying to civilize cannibals.
Miss Jarvis breeding monkeys.
Miss Briggs a matron in a gaol.
Miss Godfrey winning a marathon race.

— E. Carswell.

A RIVER IN FLOOD

The flimsy bridge had been swept away by the roaring torrent, and there was only the jagged end of one of the hand-rails left. Pieces of wrecked farm buildings, and swamped houses came floating swiftly past.

Now and then a branch from a half submerged tree would shoot past, and sometimes a tree. The water lapped at the banks as if it longed to wear them away, in some parts the banks had slid slowly into the water and left the crumbling earth.

— F. Sise.

Nonsense Rhymes

There was a young lady of Charing
Who had a bad habit of swearing;
Her brother called Nevil,
She sent to the devil,
So he spanked her severely for daring.

There was a young girl good at sports
Who practically always wore shorts,
When asked one day "Why
She showed so much thigh,"
She replied it gave freedom on courts.

— G. Hessey-White, VIB.

MORNING — AFTERNOON — EVENING

From the little white church at the end of the street, in the village Crasthwaite, the strain of an organ, floated out upon the cool spring air. Very soon the doors would open, and the people would stream out, some to go home and get ready Sunday dinner, others. more fortunate who had servants would go home, and rest for the remainder of the day.

But today the doors did not open at the customary time, for today was the baptism of Marillyn Franklin, the baby daughter of the new people who had taken the big house on the hill.

The congregation had stayed out of curosity, because nobody in the village had been able to find out anything about these new-comers.

At last the doors open, and out come the people, at the very end, come the young couple, the lady carrying the baby in its long baptismal garments. If we could get a closer view, we should see the baby had very blue eyes, and even now, a merry smile, seemed to lurk around the mouth, which prophesied a happy disposition, and which illuminated the small, sweet face, giving forth its promise of great beauty.

They enter their carriage and drive off in a cloud of dust; the little church is left in silence.

Thus passeth the morning.

It is summer and the little white church, though now weather-beaten and older, still stands at the end of the street. Most of the people now go to the big gray stone church on the green. The little church is usually very lonely, but today there is an unusual stir around it. Spectators are gathered outside, waiting expectantly.

They do not have to wait long, for presently the wedding march is heard, and amid showers of confetti, the bride and groom come out. There are exclamations of acclamation running through the crowd, and these are not without cause for the bride, a lovely girl of nineteen, or there abouts, neither blushes nor is she timid, according to custom, but smiles and bestows the happy glances, which only those, who have acquired great happiness, can give.

We learn she is the same Marillyn Franklin, who was baptised so many years before. Every promise of beauty has been fulfilled, and now she is Marillyn Forster, the beautiful bride of Gerald Forster. The happy pair are driven off with the good wishes of all present.

So ends the afternoon.

Again we see the little white church, it is autumn, and leaves are slowly falling off the trees, to cover the earth, in a warm coat, before the winter snows come.

A solemn procession files out of the church, it is a funeral — but whose? We follow and see the coffin lowered into the ground, the earth is all put back and there is the last resting place of Marillyn. Close by is the church which had taken part in all her happiness. The leaves fall over the grave —

It is evening.

— M. Stewart.

BEES

I love to see the busy bees;
They make their little nests in trees.
They hum and buzz, the whole day long,
Their chirpy, merry, little song.

— M. Rea.

The Magic Cupboard

Once upon a time there were twins who lived in an old Manor House. In this house there was a magic cupboard, whenever you put anything in it, it vanished.

One day the twins put in all their Christmas presents in the cupboard. The little boy whose name was John wanted to show his father his nice new pop-gun and he found that all the toys were gone. He told his sister Mary that they would not tell anybody else. When everything was dark, they both crept out of bed and went to the cupboard, and sat down very quiet until they saw many fairies coming in to the cupboard. Then they felt the nurse's hand, they saw that they had fallen out of bed and that it had all been a dream.

— J. McCort and M. Rea.

WINDY HILL

One who had loved a windy hill and cloudy sky,
With shadows from the clouds in valleys down below,
Where knotted pines that had been young so long ago
Grew on the hill, and watched the fleecy clouds go by,
Where all the world was still,
There on the windy hill.

One who had loved the quietness which could be found,
Up there in lovely hilly places far away;
Who loved the misty night, and clouds by night and day,
The stony hill and foot prints on the ground,
But that one who had sinned,
Loved most of all the wind.

THE SUNSHINE FAIRY

One day as I was watching the dawn, I imagined there must be a fairy in the sun. I then thought I would write about her.

The sunshine fairy is a very beautiful lady. She has long, golden, wavy hair which reaches to her waist. She has blue eyes, the colour of the sky on a bright summer's day. She is dressed in a beautiful robe of yellow which seems to glitter everytime she moves. In the morning before she starts on her long day's journey, she sends out all kinds of coloured fairies into the dark sky to prepare the way for her. Some of them tint the little clouds; some try to lighten the darkness. Then just over the top of the horizon, comes a flaming chariot. It is not quite round but seems so to us. It moves higher and higher into the sky and in it is the "Fairy Sunshine." She then tells some other yellow fairies to go and see what they can do in the world. They float away and some dance around the floor in a little baby's nursery, and the little baby chuckles with delight and tries to catch them. Some go into dark corners and chase each other. All this time the little coloured fairies are in bed waiting for evening, when their mistress will need them again. Her chariot moves slowly on.

As it nears the end of its journey, the fairy inside claps her hands and out come all the fairies, the blue fairies, the pink ones, the green ones, the red ones and all the others. They each have a brush with their colour of paint on it. They have a race across the sky, near the horizon and pull the brushes after them. The people on earth say, "Oh, what a beautiful sunset". Then the Sunshine Fairy, dressed in her evening dress comes over the hill in a red chariot and calls the fairies to bed.

— K. Campbell.

THE HORSES SPEAK

Babs — Hello, who rode you this morning?

Bitters — Miss Parsons did, she is quite a good rider.

Babs — You are lucky. I had Alison Brock. She can ride quite well, but she is as quiet as a mouse.

Bitters — Well you can't say that about Miss Parsons; she talks the whole ride, about my feet and scenery and everything she can think about.

Babs — I wonder who is going to ride us this afternoon.

Bitters — I hope it is somebody nice.

Babs — I should like Diana Pease. She rode me the other day down French Street, and because I would not go down the hill, she let me go back home.

Bitters — I would like Miss Jones to ride me.

Babs — Why?

Bitters — Because she always had such nice lumps of sugar and apple in her pocket.

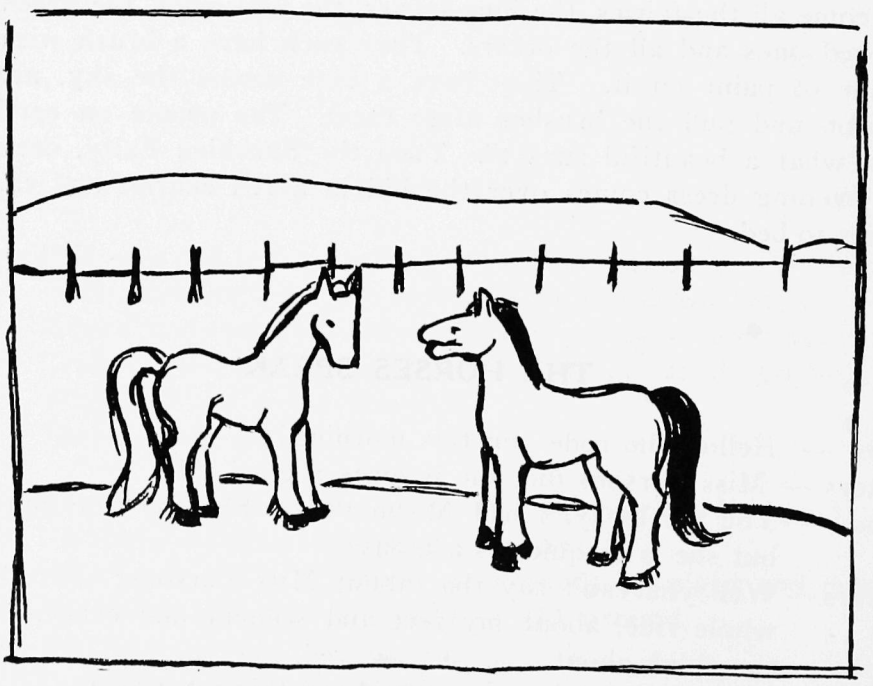
Babs — I like her also. The other day she was talking to me and this is what she said: "Oh, you sweet thing! Did they ride you too hard? Well! Well! I will give you a lump of sugar to make up for it." With that she gave me a big hug and a kiss, you would think she was talking to a baby of two.

Bitters — I don't mind being petted, but here comes Ida and Do. I hope they go to the village and get ice cream cones, like they did on Wednesday with all those boys from B.C.S.

Babs — Oh, well we shall see, but in the mean time we have to go. I hope Do is still as light as she was on Wednesday.

Bitters — I guess she is.

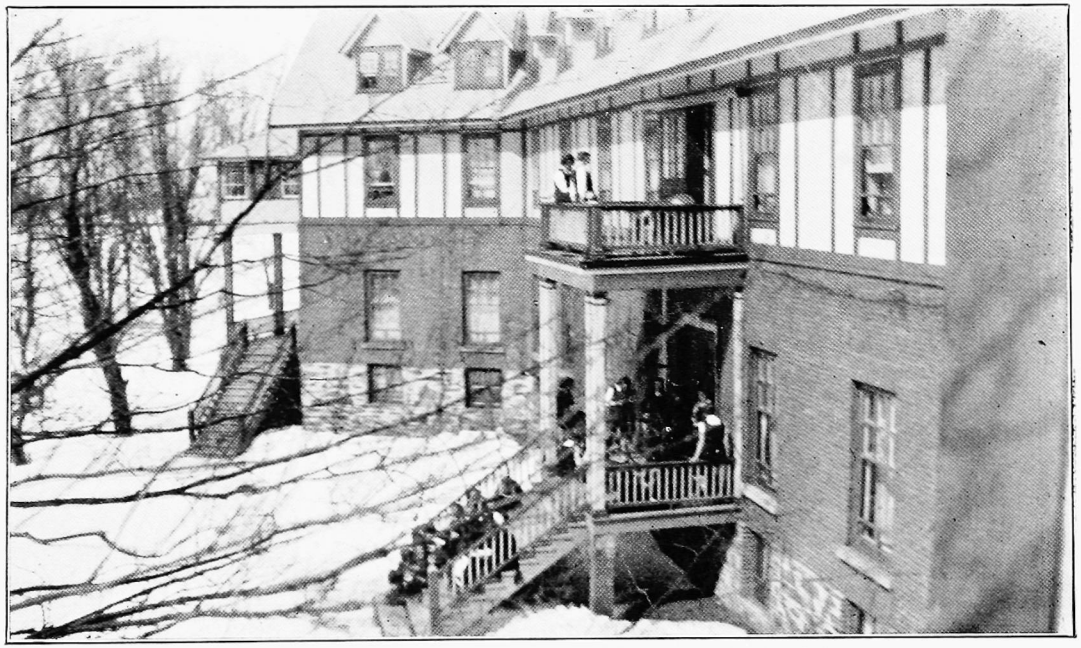
Babs — Well, so long, Ida is usually ahead, so we won't be able to have another talk for an hour.



PREFECTS — 1932 - 1933



L. to R. — J. Buchanan (Sports Captain), I. Cressy, M. Ferguson, K. Crabtree (Head Girl), P. Anglin, B. Buchanan.



THE SCHOOL

FORTY YEARS AGO

When we sing "Forty Years On" at our School Commencements we all wonder what we will be like in forty years time. We wonder where we will be and what we will be doing. But have we ever stopped to think about what was happening forty years ago. This is history now to us and it takes but very little calculating to find out that just about forty years ago (forty-four to be exact), a great event was taking place in a small town in the Rockies. Probably every able-bodied inhabitant was out in their Sunday best, for on this particular day, November seventh eighteen eighty-six the last spike was driven in the Canadian Pacific Railway. Lord Strathcona performed this ceremony which linked, by an almost unswerving line of steel, the great West with the great East. Not only did this railway enable people from British Columbia to make a quick journey right to the Maritimes, but it opened up and developed all the intervening territory. That was a red letter day for Canada.

Forty years on! Will we remember then, the wonderful changes taking place in the world to-day? Or will we always look forward to brighter futures which will lighten our shadowed past?

— B. Gourley, Arts.

A MARCH SUN-SET

Setting beneath those rolling western hills,
The sun the whole earth with its beauty fills;
Perhaps a sleigh and weary horse pass by;
Or one black crow winging its way on high;
A tiny squirrel springs from branch to branch;
Or the first ground-hog of the year perchance
Ventures to see its shadow and is gone;
A fawn on that far slope steals forward, wan,
Timid and shivering, in the cool March breeze,
.... It too is gone in search of shelter from those friendly trees.

The world is still!

— P. Mussell.

A soft light glimmered in the west
The King of Kings lay dying,
His last thoughts — for that Mother blest,
Her thoughts for the souls he was buying.

The lightning flashed, the veil was rent
And fully torn asunder,
But that Mother spent, on her knees was bent,
As the Heavens crashed in thunder.

The soldiers passed, and with swords they slashed
A deep wound in His side,
Yet beneath that Cross, were there none who cast
A long look at their Guide.

When we look back on that story sad
And think of that Easter morn
With hearts that are bad, but yet so glad
That no more His knock we'll scorn.

— Carol Roy.

Mr. Bryan's Visit

We were not looking forward to our music exam very much, as may well be imagined; especially as it was on the 24th of May which was a holiday.

We were all feeling rather nervous when Mr. Bryan arrived. However we got less nervous when he said, "I haven't got a beard and spectacles, and don't look very ferocious, so I shan't bite your heads off."

After lunch Mr. Bryan played to us. He played 'Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring,' by Bach; A Sonata by Scarlatti; three preludes by Chopin, and several other things. We enjoyed it very much indeed. He explained everything and told us about the pieces before he played them, which made it much more interesting. We were very sorry that he had to leave to catch the three o'clock train back to Montreal.

— G. Hessey-White, VI B.



ACROSS

1. Miss Jones's Nursery
10. A girl's name.
11.
12. A girl's name.
13. A pound (abb.).
14. Light-hearted.
17. Attack.
20. De (Latin to English).
23. A border.
24. Fixed order of doing things.
27. Author of Faerie Queene. (Init.).
28. What we get at K.H.C. (abb.).
29. An ultimate unit of being.
32. A personal pronoun (Fr. or Latin)
33. The English language.

DOWN

1. A girl's name.
2. Rhode Island (abb.).
3. Part of verb "to be".
4. Study or Learn.
5. Where (Latin).
6. A girl's name.
7. Interjection expressing grief.
8. Require person to do.
9. Members of the nobility.
15. A dwelling place.
16. Second personal pronoun singular
18. South east (abb.)
19. In the year of our Lord (abb.).
21. In order that (Latin).
22. Pertaining to a clock.
25. No (French).
26. England (abb.)
30. Alabama (abb.)
31. The gods (Latin contracted form)

A Geography Test

When I'm dozing and I'm dreaming,
My geography comes easy,
And I answer any question
In a manner bright and breezy.

Saskatoon I place serenely
With its exports mostly cocoa,
On the dark and turgid waters
Of the rolling Orinoco.

I announce that the equator
Is a peak of height terrific,
Rising from a range of mountains,
In the south-by-north Pacific.

If I'm asked to name the Tropics,
'Tis with confidence I answer,
"They're a pair of native rulers
Known as Capricorn and Cancer."

So I'm led to the conclusion
That my brains are useless lumber,
Since they only seem to function,
When I'm wrapped in happy slumber.

— C. Roy.

A Wife or a Library?

I prefer a library. I am sick of the endless prattle of her tongue, and her constant asking for money. Bills, Bills, Bills, are all I see; for clothes of all kinds and descriptions and needless luxuries. When the biscuits are hard, and the meat burnt, I must smile and say, "What a lovely dinner my dear."

I come home from a hard day's work and all I get is, "John, will you please fix the furnace?" or some other trifle such as moving the piano into the other room; so as to make room for the company. The company is doubtless a bunch of women, one of which will say she can sing and proceed to do so. I am made to sit through it all and say, "What a lovely voice," while I should like to get up and leave.

There are many advantages to a library; for one thing it would be much cheaper and far more amusing. When I come home from work instead of being nagged, I could pick up a book and forget my troubles completely.

The money that I would save by not having to buy clothes, and other luxuries could be spent on meals, books, and other entertainment which I really enjoyed, because I could make up my own mind as to whether I wanted to go or not.

My library would be instead of the piano, and I would not move it for any reason or anybody.

Of course there would be no reason why I should not enjoy the fair sex as friends. Just think how pleasant it would be to be able to go out with a lady, other than my dear wife if I chose to do so!

I should certainly lead a happier, quieter, and less expensive life, if I could only exchange my wife for a library.

— Ida Cressy.

A Teddy Bear

I know a little teddy Bear,
Who is always good as gold;
He never lets his good clothes tear,
But does as he is told.

He lives in his house,
On the corner of a hill,
With nothing but a mouse
Who keeps very, very still.

— M. MacLean.

THE SCHOOL FIRE

"Oh, that fire bell again." Why don't they have fire drill at a decent hour?" The speaker proceeds to sit up in bed and rub her eyes. "But I smell smoke," "Hey wake up B..... wake up, it's a real fire."

Then there is a scramble for kimonos, shoes and blankets, and anything that is near. Awful noises are heard coming from the hall. The speaker immediately runs out of her room, leaving her room-mate, who has just realized something must have happened, to shut the door and window. She joins in the line of blanketed figures, grasping their flash-lights, and rushing to the fire escape.

The fire is at the other end of the corridor and clouds of smoke are seen billowing forth.

The bottom of the fire escape is reached and everybody sits around in a huddled mass of blankets and eiderdowns. There is such an amount of talking that only now and then a few words can be heard above the din. "Isn't this exciting, I wonder if the school will burn down," says C....., a little louder than the rest.

It seems that the fire-bell turned on by itself; a rather mysterious affair.

Someone comes and says that the fire is nearly out, and we can come and sit in the lounge until the smoke and water is cleared away.

A sigh seems to go forth from the blankets; then there is a rush for a comfortable chair.

One head drops down on a shoulder; another drops. The excitement of the fire seems to be wearing away. The talking dies down. Just a crowd of sleepy girls that have been pulled out of their beds.

Then it is time to go back to bed; first the fire has to be seen. Only a bit of charred wood. Such disgusted looks it receives. The speaker gets into bed, and remarks to her room-mate, "My! but this room is smoky, I wish we'd have a real fire for a change!"

The next moment she is dreaming that the fire-bell is chasing her.

— R. Walters.

RUNNING

Down the corridor we might run,
Oh what joy and glorious fun!
Nobody happens to be in sight,
So off we go with all our might.

Round the corner and into a room,
Happily safe but none too soon,
And off again we try our luck,
All ready to hide and quickly duck.

Out of the room we quickly run
A voice pops off just like a gun.
For we forgot to have a look,
Another name is in the book.

— E. Carswell.

K eep troth
I s our motto
N oon and night;
G' aining knowledge,
S miling bright;

H ealth and happiness
A ll day through,
L ove and laughter
L earning too.

— R. Ponsford.

THE STORM

The wind whistled; the leaves blew; an owl hooted; he was followed by a clap of thunder and a bright streak of lightning; this showed a steep cliff covered with swaying, swishing trees.

Then there was a sudden hush except for the steady downpour of the rain. There was another boom of thunder, sounding like a never ceasing volley of cannons, shaking the whole surroundings; then followed quickly another flash of lightning. This time a small rabbit could be seen running into the bush.

The next clap of thunder seemed away in the distance, and a dim light appeared shortly afterwards. The storm had passed abruptly and left only a soft rustle of leaves and the patter of small animals scurrying from place to place. An occasional uncanny hoot of an owl could be heard followed by the distant rumbling of the storm.

— Ida Cressy.

A Defence of Laziness

That medium-sized word with the curly letter in its midst, suggests at first glance, its true meaning. Perhaps that same letter reminds you of what is commonly called "a kink on the brain." Does it? Look at it.

Four years ago I started staring at that particular collection of letters. At first it didn't mean much, but gradually the effects grew.

They spelt comfort, and they spelt the bliss of complete relaxation undisturbed.

Poets, I am told, are extremely lazy — preferring a nice quiet

spot surrounded by the beauty of trees and birds, to great physical exertions. They lie back and allow their minds to soar miles above anybody else's, until without much effort they come back in the form of a new masterpiece. These men are famous to the world and are considered assets to their countries — but are they not lazy? Hastily I must add, however, that as you know I am no poet. I have no high-minded ideas or beautiful thoughts, but the poets and I have one thing in common — laziness! I admit that I love being lazy. If I did not I would exercise brain and body until one or the other perished — it makes no difference, I want both, so I follow my course.

Later on in life when all you people are decrepit, sitting in wheelchairs, or whatever old ladies will be sitting in at the end of the 20th century, I may still be using up the energy which you are spending so recklessly now.

These painfully vivacious people, who breeze about displaying ungainly bulges of muscle on chest and arms, are disgraces to the female sex. A fit place for these pests is languishing under tombstones, not plaguing the earth as most of them do.

If, by this time anybody is still looking at the word this essay is based on, I hope she is convinced that it has for the most part an entirely pleasant meaning.

ON SPIDERS

Spiders — The very word doth send a horror through my soul.
Spiders — that creep and crawl about or dangle down
Uncomfortably near, or else run in their hole
And out again, to crawl upon your gown.
Spiders — that twirl around or hang like lead,
In slumber that is half of wakefulness,
For any juicy foolish flies which head
Towards the web. And with what hatefulness
Are all their loathsome movements.

— A. Brock.





As every gardener knows, gardens need both time and hard work. The girls' gardens do not get much time, or maybe I should give the real excuse, which is, too little work.

There are several gardens however which have flowers blooming gayly. The weeds also appear frequently, and after the holidays quite dominate the scene.

Two girls once tried to make a rock garden in a meadow beside a little brook. In it were violets and ferns and all kinds of wild flowers. One day, however, when they went to see their "pride and joy", it had completely disappeared; the violets and ferns had vanished and not a trace or clue remained. It was later found that a cow had eaten them, and from that day no more gardens have been started away from the school.

In the spring, every morning the gardeners trooped out to see what had come up, and what had not. It seemed that worms by the millions had moved into our bulbs, and nothing could be done about it. We stood by helplessly watching our bulbs being attacked, and finally droop and die. It was a miserable sight.



Some of the most revengeful sat in the mud for hours cutting the cut-worms with scissors. By next year we hope they will have learnt a lesson, and lodge in someone else's gardens. Only then can we have our ideal gardens.

LET OUT ON PAROLE

There is a time when life becomes quite bearable — last night, for instance, when we went for a long walk after supper. It was growing dark when we started out, and by the time we had reached the turning point in our walk, the darkness was very impressive. Cars buzzed up and down the road, some honking and some occupants waving.

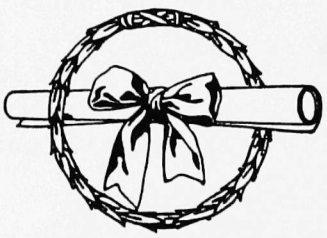
This brought us nearer to the outside world, and made us feel quite, quite free. And turning our backs on the twinkling lights of the building, and walking fast, and breathing in the cool night air, our joy was complete.

A bell rang, clearing our cloudy, dreamy thoughts, stabbing our hearts with a strange pain. In a moment we would be late, and yet we lingered, our joy not so bright, but still genuine. As we neared the building, a large white figure was seen at a window, filling it completely. It leaned out of the window, and called in loud, menacing tones, "You are wanted indoors." We answered meekly, "Yes" and turned our back on the window and its occupant who had so cruelly brought us down to earth.

We turned the corner of the building and glanced back fearfully. The figure still remained at the window, a ghost-like apparition.

Again within the bounds of spies and bars our souls fled from us, our liberty vanished, and we went indoors to face the other occupants of the insane asylum.

— A. Brock.



Matric Horoscope 1932 - 1933

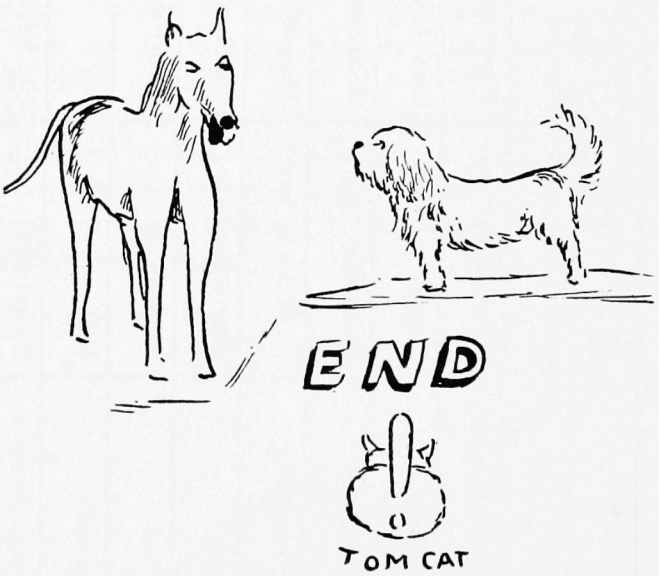
Name	Type	Noted For	Ambition	Chief Worry	Future Occupation	Expression
Jean	Girlish	Her crushes	To have the last word.	The N.H.L.	Soap-box orator	For John's Sake
Maye	Important	S p e ed !	Radio announcer	The third helping!	Telling "bed-time stories	Is my face red!
Kay	Intelligent	Scripture prizes?	Too Low to print	The "Gospels"	Conductor of Jazz band.	Plea-se!
Cecily	Industrious	That delicate Perception	Senior "Matric."	Cats (extinct)	Leader of the Oxford Movement	Gimme a bite.
Fergie	Fragile	Milk Flakes	Swimming "pro."	Geometry Tests	Sleeping	Whew!
Minnie	Amazon	Her amiability	To attain a "past"	That 205th problem	Flag-pole-sitter	Oh Yeah!
Rosamond	Fussy	Horses	That wavy hair	Charlie (1 and 2)	Waitress in a soup kitchen	Am I mad!
Snell	Superior	Method	To grow up	Hasn't got any !!?	Chasing butterflies	Gol !
Cuba	Erratic	"Temper"	M.D.	Ego	Horse-doctor	Oh Lawd.
Russ	Boisterous	Zig-zag sweaters	To get 90%	Her heavy build	Lightweight boxing	What did you say?
Christina	Loquacious	Camouflage	To look like her room-mate	"Am I too good!"	Giving lectures on indigestion	Bu-r-r-r-p.
Miss Jones	Cosy	Giving late marks	To play basketball	Her garden	Teaching present "Matric' Latin	"As I say"

He Had Just Had Some Gordon's Gin Apparently

Brock, the farm hand, was asked by Hugh, son of Sir Parsons, why he had stolen some preserves from a kitchen window, so he answered the following:-

"Well, Ben, I, son, Buck — an — an — An — Glin, was walkin' in de woods tu chop de trees, an we walked an walked arter, but couldne find our way back. We come to a Flood Du moulin waters an tought der was Littler water dan der was. Glin went in first an arter fightin' de curnt hard fur some time, an tryin' ter speak, y says: "S' ise cold!" says y, an picks up some Cress y 'ad find an eats it. Den we gets ter de road an de Cars — well! dey was just awful, an we runned. Arter dat der run we taked de Jam ies only."

— R. Hughson.





HOCKEY

This year hockey took up a great part of our time. Each afternoon would find many of us out on the hockey field hitting the "little white ball" around. The first Saturday we were back in September we played the Staff; the game was a tie, the score being 1 - 1. We played them twice more, and these times, I am sorry to say, we had to bow down to defeat, the Staff winning by the scores of 2 - 0, and 1 - 0.

Great enthusiasm for the game was shown amongst the newcomers and especially the Juniors, and I feel sure that some of them will prove to be "stars."

Montcalm was victorious in the house-matches. That house did not lose one game. The Old Girls of the School challenged the New Girls. The game was very close, the Old Girls finally winning by the score of 1 - 0. The Blondes reign supreme by defeating the Brunettes 2 - 1.

Basketball

This winter, as the weather was very poor, we played a great deal of basketball. Everyone was very keen, and although we only had two outside games, we played a great many amongst ourselves.

On the 28th of January the school went to Sherbrooke, and there we saw our team play the Y.W.C.A., and win by the score of 57 - 28. Our team also won the return match, 55 - 32, which was played at K.H.C.

The Team:
Side-centre:- B. Snell.
Jumping-centre:- C. Eardley-Wilmot.
Forwards:- K. Crabtree, I. Cressy.
Guards:- M. Ferguson, M. Du Moulin.
Subs:- B. Gourley, F. Sise, M. Grant.

Macdonald won the house-matches, and the "Matrics" were the victors in the form-matches. We played quite a few games with the Staff, who lost to the first team, but defeated the second team. After playing a tie the Staff were finally defeated by the "Matrics," but they overwhelmed the Prefects.

Skiing and Skating

In spite of the adverse weather, a few of the more energetic of the ski-ers practised daily and passed their tests. Although Jimmie tried very hard to make a rink, there were not more than three weeks of skating, but during that time there was continual "war-fare" between the fancy-skaters and the "hockey players" for supremacy of the rink.

Badminton

The Badminton tournaments were played off on the 1st of April. The results were:
Senior Singles:- B. Snell defeated E. Gibsone.
Senior Doubles:- B. Snell and M. Du Moulin defeated
E. Gibsone and M. Ferguson.
Junior Singles:- N. Baillie defeated C. Campbell.
Junior Doubles:- N. Baillie and M. McCort defeated
C. Campbell and O. Brown.

Tennis

Tennis is now taking up everyone's spare time, and many enthusiasts are to be seen practising every day. The tournaments have not yet been played, but the results of last year's were:

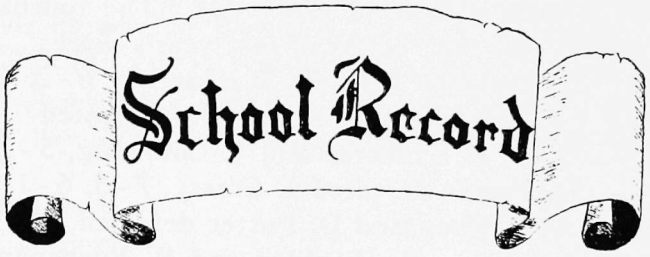
Senior Singles:- K. Crabtree defeated B. Hunting, 6 - 2, 6 - 3.
Senior Doubles:- B. Hunting and D. Sunbury defeated K. Crabtree and J. Cumming, 5 - 7, 6 - 0, 6 - 1.
Junior Singles:- D. Porter defeated I. Cressy, 7 - 5, 6 - 1.
Junior Doubles:- C. Benison and D. Porter defeated R. Hughson and B. Buchanan, 6 - 2, 6 - 2.

Baseball

Before the tennis courts were ready for use, baseball was played each day. Everyone was very enthusiastic, even if it was only scrub that was being played.

I would like, on behalf of the school, to thank Miss Keyzer for the time and help she has given us in all our sports throughout the year, and especially for her excellent coaching of the basketball team, without which we would never have been as successful as we were.





1932 - 1933

Head Girl - - - - K. Crabtree

House Captains

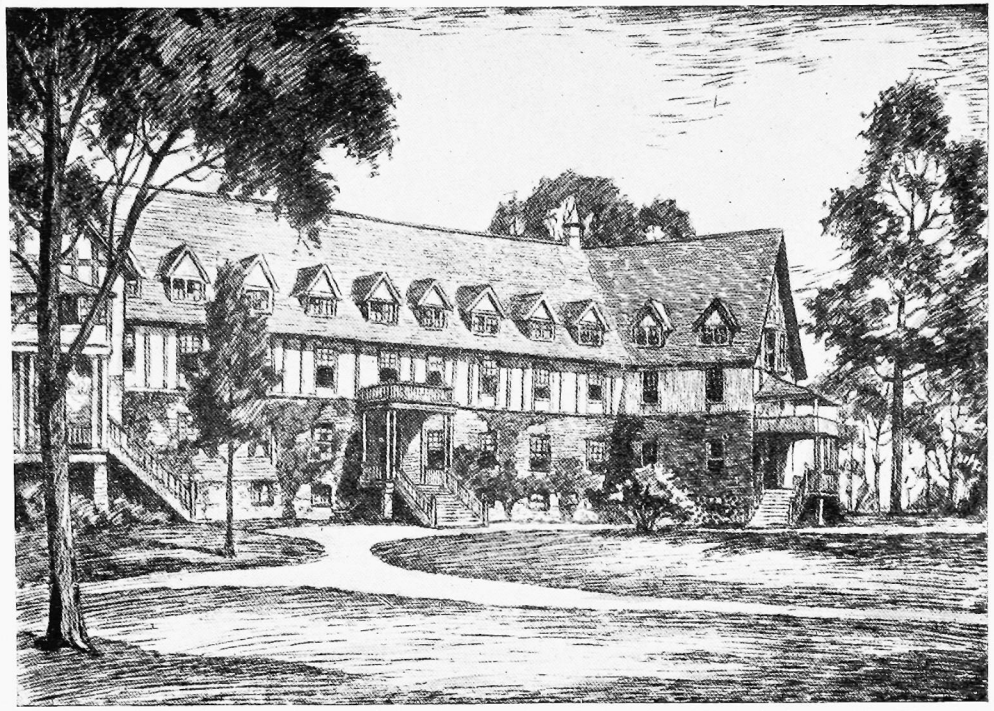
Montcalm - - - - K. Crabtree
Macdonald - - - - J. Buchanan
Rideau - - - - - M. Ferguson

Prefects

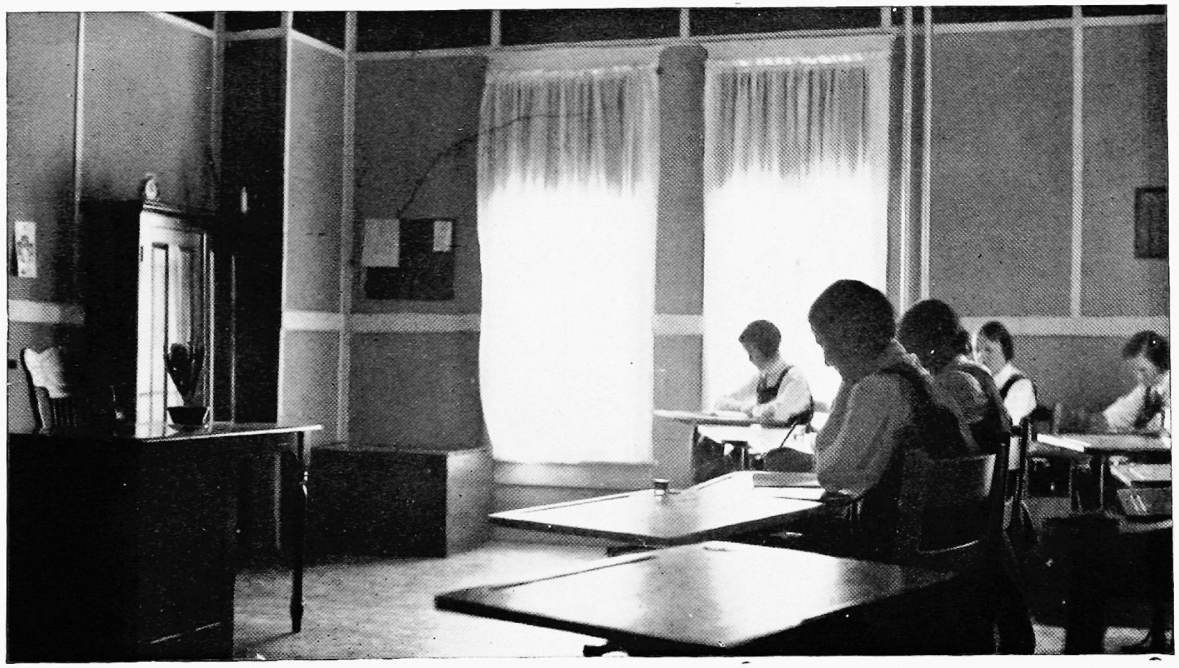
K. Crabtree - - - - Matriculation
J. Buchanan (Sports Captain) "
M. Ferguson - - - - "
I. Cressy - - - - - VI:A
P. Anglin - - - - "
B. Buchanan - - - - "

Form Captains

Matriculation - - - - K. Crabtree
VI:A - - - - - I. Cressy
VI:B - - - - - P. Crabtree
V:A - - - - - S. Baillie
V:B - - - - - M. MacLean
IV:A - - - - - J. McCort.



THE SCHOOL



"MATRIC" FORM ROOM

SCHOOL CALENDAR

1932

June 14th. Closing of School.
Sept. 12th. School year began.
Sept. 17th. Staff vs. School — Hockey.
Sept. 23rd. Staff vs. School — Hockey.
Sept. 29th. Rideau vs. Montcalm — Hockey.
Oct. 3rd. Macdonald vs. Montcalm — Hockey.
Oct. 8 th, 10th. Thanksgiving week-end.
Oct. 11th. Rideau vs. Montcalm — Hockey.
Oct. 13th. Macdonald vs. Montcalm — Hockey
Oct. 17th. Macdonald vs. Rideau — Hockey.
Oct. 18th. Old Girls vs. New Girls — Hockey.
Oct. 20th. Macdonald vs. Rideau — Hockey.
Oct. 24th. Holiday given by Bishop.
Oct. 24th. Staff vs. Girls — Hockey.
Oct. 24th. Baby Party.
Oct. 25th. Old Girls vs. New Girls — Hockey.
Oct. 29th. Hallowe'en Dance.
Oct. 31st. Hallowe'en Supper.
Nov. 8th. Montcalm vs. Macdonald.
Nov. 11th. Montcalm vs. Macdonald.
Nov. 15th. Blondes vs. Brunettes.
Dec. 16th. School closed for Xmas Holidays.

1933

Jan. 10th. School reopened.
Jan. 20th. VI:A vs. Arts — Basketball.
Jan. 20th. Matric vs. VI:B.
Jan. 23rd. Arts vs. V:A.
Jan. 23rd. VI:A vs. VI:B.
Jan. 26th. Staff vs. School 1st Team.
Jan. 28th. K.H.C. vs. Sherbrooke Y.W.C.A. — Basketball.
Feb. 3rd. Arts vs. VI:B — Basketball.
Feb. 3rd. Matric vs. VI:A — Basketball.
Feb. 7th. Staff vs. School 2nd Team.
Feb. 8th. Matric vs. Arts — Basketball.
Feb. 8th. VI:A vs. V:A — Basketball.
Feb. 9th. Macdonald vs. Montcalm — Basketball.
Feb. 14th. Half Holiday.

Feb. 20th.	Macdonald vs. Rideau.
Feb. 21st.	Staff vs. Matric.
Feb. 23rd.	Montcalm vs. Rideau.
Mar. 2nd.	Staff vs. Prefects — Basketball.
Mar. 11th.	Staff vs. Matric — Basketball.
Mar. 21st.	V:A vs. VI:B — Basketball.
April 6th.	School closed for Easter Holidays.
April 20th.	School reopened.
April 28th.	K.H.S. vs. Y.W.C.A. — Basketball.
May 24th.	Holiday.
May 25th.	Confirmation.
May 29th.	Professor Clark visited the School.

* * *

SCHOOL DIRECTORY — 1932 - 1933

Girls

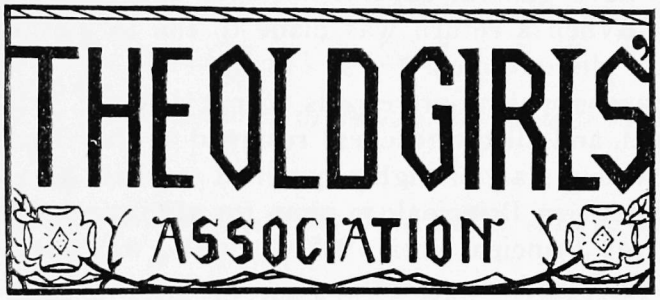
Anglin, Parmela — 5 St. George's Place, Westmount, Que.
Archibald, Sheila — 4278 Dorchester Street, W., Montreal, Que.
Baillie, Sonia — 1547 Macgregor Street, Montreal, Que.
Baillie, Nora Deane — 1547 Macgregor Street, Montreal, Que.
Baptist, Adrienne — 877 Ste. Genevieve Avenue, Three Rivers, Que.
Benison, Connie — 209 - 44th Avenue, Lachine, Que.
Berry, Audrey — Waterville, Que.
Brock, Alison — 17 Edgehill Road, Westmount, Que.
Brown, Olga — 131 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.
Buchanan, Barbara — "Plass Bellin", Knowlton, Que.
Buchanan, Jean — 2301 Regent Avenue, Montreal, Que.
Campbell, Kitty — 6 Ste. Marie Street, Levis, Que.
Cann, Claire — 4864 Côte des Neiges Road, Apt. 9, Montreal, Que.
Carswell, Dorothy — 3 Turner Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario.
Carswell, Elizabeth — 710 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, Que.
Chapman, Maye — 249 Pembrooke Street, Pembrooke, Ont.
Crabtree, Kathleen — Crabtree Mills, Quebec.
Crabtree, Phyllis — Crabtree Mills, Quebec.
Cressy, Ida — 74 Rockhill Apts. 4870 Côte des Neiges Road, Montreal.
Du Moulin, Marjorie — 7 St. James' Place, Hamilton, Ontario.
Ferguson, Margaret — 114 Nassan Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Flood, Lizette — Drummondville, Que.
Gibsone, Elizabeth — Des Grisons Street, Quebec, Que.
Gordon, Jane — 3465 Côte des Neiges Road, Montreal, Que.
Gourley, Beth — 230 Oxford Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Grant, Mary — 14 Chelsea Place, Montreal, Que.
Hessey-White, Gillian — 12 de Casson Road, Montreal, Que.
Hughson, Ruth — 293 Stewart Street, Ottawa, Ont.
Jamieson, Betty — 1469 Drummond Street, Montreal, Que.
LaCaille, Josetta — 49 Rosemont Avenue, Westmount, Que.
Littler, Kay — 21 Windsor Avenue, Westmount, Que.
McBride, Enid — 4189 Sherbrooke Street, W., Montreal, Que.
McCort, Mary "Belle Plage", Vaudreuil, Que.
McCort, Joan — "Belle Plage", Vaudreuil, Que.
MacLean, Morna — "Mull Hall", Pointe Claire, Que.
Mussell, Phyllis — 3034 Trafalgar Avenue, Montreal, Que.
Newton, Margaret — 155 Victoria Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
Pease, Diana — 76 Nelson Street, Brantford, Ont.
Ponsford, Rosamond — 106 Elgin Street, St. Thomas, Ont.
Rawlings, Pat — 3125 Westmount Blvd., Montreal, Que.
Rea, Ellendell — 1529 Macgregor Street, Montreal, Que.
Rea, Mary Claire — 1529 Macgregor Street, Montreal, Que.
Rossiter, Mary Ellen — 5 Braeside Place, Westmount, Que.
Roy, Carol — Holy Trinity Rectory, 11 Wolfe Street, Levis, Que.
Roy, Ernestine — Holy Trinity Rectory, 11 Wolfe Street, Levis, Que.
Sise, Frances — 17 Redpath Crescent, Montreal, Que.
Snell, Betty — 650 Rideau Crescent, Ottawa, Ont.
Stewart, Margaret — Royal Bank of Canada, Havana, Cuba.
Walters, Ruth — Shigawake, East, Bonaventure County, Que.
Wilson, Christina — 11119 - 86th Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.
Eardley-Wilmot, Cecily — The Rectory, Compton, Que.



Staff

Brewer, Miss M. — St. Michael's, Bergerville, P. Q.
Briggs, Miss E. — "Maplehurst", Compton, Que.
Flood, Miss M. — c/o C. E. Olive, Drummondville, Que.
Huntley, Miss R. — King's Hall, Compton, Que.
Jarvis, Miss L. — Brunswick Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Jones, Miss M. — Bryn Asaph, Aberdovey, Merioneth, Wales.
Keyzer, Miss G. 148 Elmwood Rd., Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.
L'Hôte, Madame — Main Street, Lennoxville, Que.
Parsons, Miss D. — Gedney Common, Holbeach, Lincolnshire, England.
Wainwright, Miss D. — 695 Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Wright, Miss H. — Broom Hill Spa., North Ireland.



Compton Ladies' College — An Historical Sketch

The need of superior education which should be within reach of persons of moderate means had long been felt by the Church people of Canada. With a view to supplying this want and encouraged by liberal promises of aid, the Rev. Joseph Dinzey, with the sanction of the Bishop of Quebec at that time, undertook to build a ladies college in Compton and provide such education. The buildings were erected and equipped at a cost of $16,489. and the school was opened in September, 1874. At the opening there were six resident pupils and ten day pupils. Two years the number increased to sixty, 45 of whom resided in the school. The fees for tuition were $175. a year, with music and German extra.

For the first ten years of its existence the school was under the management of the founder, the Rev. Joseph Dinzey, to whom it was leased by the Corporation. His name appears as the first Principal, and Mrs. Dinzey as Lady Principal, and two assistant teachers on the staff. The Corporation consisted of the Bishop and four members appointed by the Synod. Capt. W. H. Carter was the first Treasurer and Rev. John Foster the first Secretary.

In 1884 the school was closed for two years, and when it opened again in September, 1886, it was under the direct management and responsibility of the Corporation. The reason for the closing of the school seems to have been the lack of support given to it by the church people of the Diocese, for the Bishop in his charge to the Synod urged a "More practical conviction of the desirability of such an institution among us."

Shortly after the re-opening of the school, the boarding of the pupils and the housekeeping ceased to be under the direct management of the Trustees and was given by Contract to the Matron. This system made necessary the creation of a new position in the school, that

of house mother whose duties it was to see that the rooms were kept clean and to have general supervision over the health and behaviour of the girls. When a return was made to the former system in 1899 this office was discontinued.

For reasons which our records do not disclose, Mrs. Browse, the Lady Principal, and all the teachers resigned at the close of the school year 1901. A new staff of highly qualified teachers was engaged with Miss Gena Smith as Principal, in time for the opening in September. Miss Smith was Principal until 1905 when she was succeeded by Miss Laura Joll, who held the position for twenty-four years. Miss Joll was succeeded in 1928 by Miss Julia Tugwell, and she, in 1930 by Miss Adelaide Gillard the present Principal.

In 1902 the school's name was changed to King's Hall, the property transferred to the new corporation which had been formed. The Secretary at the time was the Rev. Albert Stevens, and the Treasurer Dr. King. The present Treasurer Dr. Mackinnon was elected in 1906.

During Miss Joll's principalship the school made steady progress and attained the high standing and reputation it enjoys throughout Canada and the United States. The buildings were enlarged and remodelled during that time to provide accommodation for eighty pupils and the necessary staff. In 1907 Mrs. Kellam's house was purchased for an infirmary, and six years later the Dawson farm was added to the school property. About the same time an adequate water supply was assured by boring an artesian well to a depth of 395 feet and installing a pumping system. The gymnasium was built in 1919.

The question of moving the school to a more favourable location was seriously considered by the Trustees in 1911. After careful investigation a site was decided on at Coaticook, but the scheme was ultimately abandoned because the amount of stock subscribed was insufficient to enable the move to be undertaken, and it was decided to remain at Compton. This solution of the question was undoubtedly a happy one, for the advantage of having the school at Compton situated in the country far outweighed those offered by having it located in a town.

In 1925 the clergyman in charge ot St. James' Church, Compton, was appointed to a position on the staff of the school as Chaplain, and the parsonage was purchased by the Trustees as the Chaplain's residence. It was provided that the Chaplain should continue to have charge of the small parish work in Compton and the school should use the Church as their Chapel. The house was put in thorough repair by the School Trustees, who also bore half the expense of improving the heating and making other repairs in the church. In 1925 Rev. E. B.

Husband was appointed chaplain and was succeeded in 1930 by Rev. Canon Eardley-Wilmot.

Submitted by the Quebec Branch K.H.C.O.G.A.

Copied from an article appearing in the Diocesan Gazette several years ago.

THE PARKER SCHOOL FOR TRAINED ATTENDANTS

In the 1930 number of the King's Hall, Compton, Magazine, I found a short paragraph about Miss M. L. Parker and her School for Trained Attendants. I wonder how many old girls, especially in and about Montreal, know just exactly what a Trained Attendant is and what kind of work she can undertake.

A few words about Miss Parker first. She is a daughter of the late Rev. G. H. Parker, who was Chaplain at Compton for 31 years. She attended the school and afterwards entered the Training School of the Montreal General Hospital, where she trained under Miss Livingston. Her experience ranges from private nursing and superintending a private hospital to service in the Canadian Army Medical Corps during the War. By this we can see that she is eminently suited to the task she has undertaken, her experience being great and varied.

Miss Parker started her school in 1921 for the purpose of teaching the simple care of the sick in the home, a proper asepsis, the rules of good health and First Aid. These Attendants are not qualified nurses and are by no means meant to substitute for them. When a graduate nurse is needed, the trained attendant will turn over the case to her, and if necessary, will stay on and co-operate with the nurse to the best of her ability. There are two classes a year, one in the Spring and one in the Fall. The School is registered under the name of "The Parker School for Trained Attendants," and the association which controls the girls when they graduate in the "Trained Attendants' Association of the Province of Quebec." The school includes a course in cooking under the direction of Mr. Cameron, dietitian of the Sun Life Assurance Co., visits to the Pathological Museum at McGill, and a monthly lecture from some member of the medical profession. I might add that the school is under the patronage of some of the most prominent doctors in Montreal.

From the point of view of one who has had the advantage of a good education it is amazing what appalling ignorance can exist among all kinds on the ordinary good care of the body, simple household remedies and emergency treatments. The harm that is incurred by

people trying to doctor themselves when they only have a half knowledge of the functioning of their bodies, is incalculable.

I should like to mention that Miss Parker gives notes on the care of Diabetes and Tuberculosis, due to the prevalence of both these diseases. In such cases where skilled attention is not needed, proper care may mean a complete recovery, and in any case, gives the maximum of comfort to the patient unable to enter a hospital.

The introduction into our private schools of classes to teach this knowledge in a modified way would be an excellent thing. Our public schools include Hygiene in their curriculum. "A healthy nation is a wealthy nation" and if our children are taught from their youth the principles that Miss Parker is teaching to-day, they will raise the standard of health in future generations.

Anyone with time on their hands, especially those who have recently left school, will find it not uninteresting and at the same time profitable to themselves, to take this course whether or not they are going to put it to monetary value. I, personally, feel that I have benefited greatly by the course, and shall never regret the three months spent at the Parker School.

Submitted by a member of the Quebec Branch.

THE FIRST OLD GIRLS' RE-UNION
May 1932

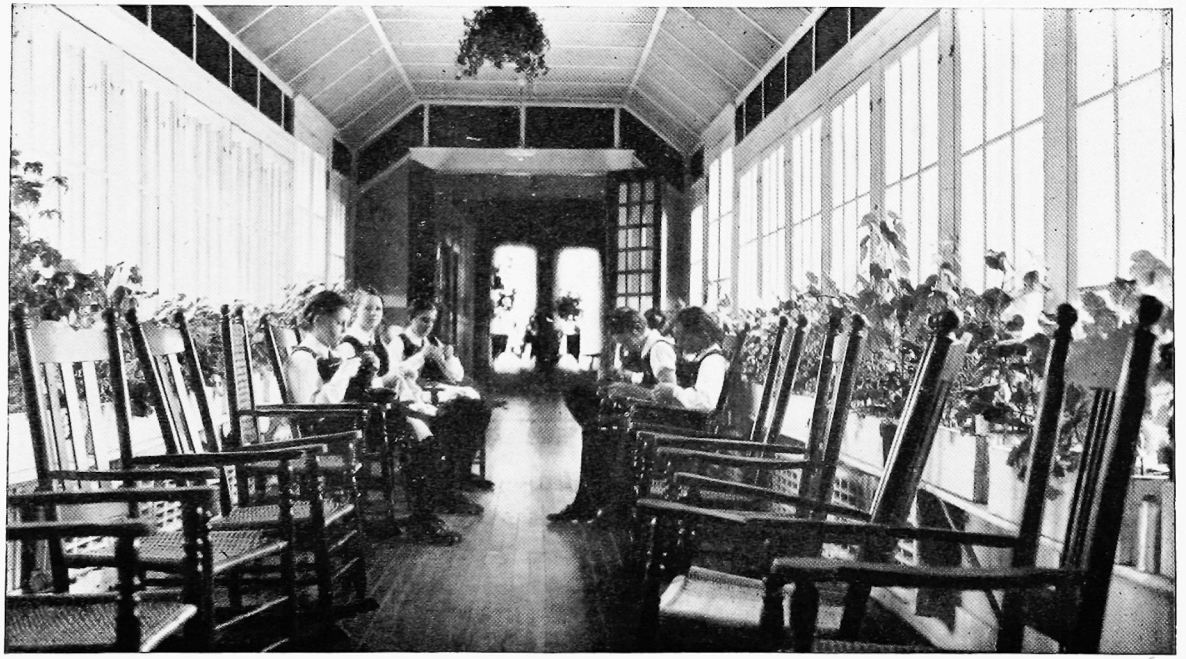
Unfortunately the magazine was in the hands of the printers, last year, before the Re-union took place, and so we were unable to print an account of it while it was still fresh in our minds. Now, though it is very stale news indeed, we feel that we cannot let this issue appear without mentioning what a success it was. Over eighty Old Girls attended during the three days, though they were not all able to stay for the whole time. Hamilton, Kitchener, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, Sherbrooke and Montreal were all well represented and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Miss Gillard was a perfect hostess and everything ran so smoothly and quietly that I do not think we all quite realized what a tremendous amount of extra work it meant for her and her excellent staff.

King's Hall and the surrounding country were looking their prettiest, and there is no need to tell any Old Girl how lovely that is. The three days of the Re-union did not give us nearly enough time to visit all the old haunts and get back into the old spirit. The chatter



THE LOUNGE



THE GLASS PASSAGE

of conversation was continuous, with such phrases as "Do you remember?" and "Wasn't that fun" predominating. In fact one of the strangest things about the week-end was to be able to talk in the corridors without being reprimanded, so much did we feel we were really back at school. We are very grateful to The Board of Trustees, Miss Gillard and her staff and hope that they also enjoyed the Re-union enough to let us have another some day as I feel confident it would be an even greater success, as those who were unable to go last May have all been so envious of those who were there.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Montreal Branch —

Engagements :-

Jessie Cassils to Thornburn Cleveland.

Marriages :-

Margot Grindley to Harold Furst. They are living in Lucerne-in-Quebec.

Hope Pearson to E. A. Reid. They are living in Toronto.

Dorothy Napier to George Hamilton.

Mary Arden Stead to Herman Eberts.

Hildred Clarke to William Lovering. They are living in Toronto.

Lilias Sheperd to Lieut. Roland F. Harris.

Births :-

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wilson (Edeline Mussen), a daughter, February, 1933

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sturrock, (Janet Black), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. N. Dawes (Jean Cassils), a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Russell (Katherine Acer), a daughter, November, 1932.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Church (Mary Brewer), a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Howard (Gertrude Charlton), a son, Apr. 1933.

Mrs. Stanley Phillips has been assisting in the Fashion Bureau at the T. Eaton Co. this Winter.

Constance Cundill had four wood-cuts in the Spring Exhibition at the Art Gallery. They were "A Devonshire Village", "The Nativity," "Cote Carriere" and "Camp in the Woods".

Mrs. John Webster (Ailsie Coghlin) has just completed a most successful year as President of the Montreal Junior League and has

been re-elected to the same office for the coming year. She attended the Technical Conference on Welfare held by the Association of Junior Leagues of America in Boston last Fall, and will also attend the Association Conference in Philidelphia this month.

Doris Spackman, an enterprising Old Girl of King's Hall, is running the Woodcraft Shop on Drummond St., where all sorts of fascinating things are to be found.

Mrs. L. R. Hersey (Olga Wilkins) has left Montreal and is now living in Edinborough.

Margaret Mitchell has been chosen as one of the two candidates who are running for Director of Region One of the Board of Directors of the Association of Junior Leagues of America. She is also chairman of the Editorial Staff of the Montreal Junior League.

Lucille Pacaud is to be congratulated for the origionality and excellence of her work in designing the costumes for the Junior League Cabaret held last Fall.

Mrs. Tillotson (Kathleen Barry) has moved from Montreal and is now living in London, England.

Sally Starke in on the staff of the Ensemble Shop of the T. Eaton Co.

Margaret Torrance has been elected Treasurer of the Montreal Junior League for the coming year.

Mary Baillie has spent the winter abroad.

As there was no important business to be brought before the members of the Montreal Branch the usual Fall General Meeting was cancelled. This does not mean, however that the Committee has been idle. A news sheet was sent out in March and several Committee Meetings have been held. The Annual Meeting and tea will take place on Wednesday, May 31st in the card room of the T. Eaton Co We hope to have Miss Gillard with us and expect to show some moving pictures taken at King's Hall.

* * *

The King's Hall Compton Old Girls' Association announces with regret the death of one of its valued members, Mrs. W. F. McBride (Marjorie Smith).

* * *

Quebec Branch —

Marriages :-

Evelyn Turner to D. Campbell in June, 1932. They are living in Montreal.

Barbara Stephens to J. O'Halloran in September, 1932.

Iris Piddington to D. Allan Laurie, in November, 1932. They are living in Chaudiere Basin.

Births :-

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Williams (Enid Price), a daughter, May, 1932.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott (Helen Meredith), a son, March, 1933.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Ross (Kathleen Turner), a son, Apr., 1933.

Helen Price led her class in the Autumn term at the Parker School for Trained Attendants.

Diana Petry and Gwynneth Harding attended the Winter term at the Parker School for Trained Attendants.

Alice Dunn is attending McGill University.

Mrs. H. A. Gregory (Dorothy Wright) has moved from Shawinigan Falls to Three Rivers.

Mrs. W. Cuttle (Margaret Trenholm) has moved from Beaupre, P. Q. to Shawinigan Falls.

Mrs. Herbert Liffton (Marjorie Simms) has moved from Beaupre to Grand'mere.

Mrs. J. O'Halloran (Barbara Stephens) was Costume Convenor for the Spring Time Revue staged by the General Turner Chapter of the I.O.D.E. She also took one of the leading parts.

Millicent Price is attending L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Quebec.

Mary Scott and Jean Price spent the Winter abroad.

Molly Sewell was Programme Convenor for the Spring Time Revue, and Mary McLimont, Millicent Price, Shiela Price and Joe Oliver took part.

The Quebec Branch were very pleased to have among their members attending the Re-union last May, Mrs. C. G. Cleveland of Danville, P.Q. Mrs. Cleveland was among the first pupils to enter Compton Ladies College when it was opened in 1874. We wonder how many of the present pupils and Old Girls will show such a keen interest in K.H.C. 50 years from now.

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Toronto Branch —

Births:-

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ross (Nancy Reid), a daughter, March, 1933.
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jackman (Mary Rowell), a son, June, 1932.
Mr. and Mrs. R .H. B. Hector (Amy Davidge), a son, July, 1932.
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collis (Doris Wilcocks), a son, September, 1932.

Isobel Ross has been in England since September and is expected to return home in the late Spring.

Susan Ross is one of the outstanding lady polo players of Toronto.

Mrs. Sandwell has moved from Montreal to Toronto.

A tea and meeting were held on Friday March 21st at Mrs. Frank Williams' tea room at 23 Spadina Road. (Mrs. Williams is a Compton Old Girl). About thirty-eight were present. Mrs. Ross Lyman, the President presided. Eleven Hamilton girls came over for the occasion and were entertained first at lunch by Mrs. Grant Glassco.

* * *

Sherbrooke Branch —

Marriages:-

Mary White to Graeme Taylor. The wedding took place on Easter Monday, 1933.
Virginia Allen to F. F. McCann of New York.

Births:-

Mr. and Mrs. D. Hyndman (Eleanor Bothwell), a son, Sept., 1932.

Alexandra Newton, who is attending McGill University, won the cup in the Badminton Singles from Katherine Wickett. Alex and Katherine played in the Doubles and won.

Mrs. McCutcheon has been transferred to the Montreal Branch of the K.H.C.O.G.A.

* * *

Hamilton Branch —

Marriages:-

Isabelle Dudley Smith to Angus Bethune. They are living in Montreal.
Elizabeth Counsell to Walter Lockhart-Gordon. They are living in Toronto.



A BEDROOM

Births :-

Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kerr (Patricia Alexander), New York, a daughter, November, 1932.

Mr. and Mrs. Spence Allan (Dorothy Zimmerman), a son, April, 1933.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Hamilton (Isobel Fairbairn), a daughter, April, 1933.

Audrey Henderson is studying dramatic art in London, England.

Ruth McConnell has been living in Hamilton this Winter. She has a position as Psychologist at the Ontario Hospital.

The Hamilton Branch held their Annual Meeting on March 29th at the residence of Mrs. H. Dudley Smith in Ancaster, who afterwards entertained them at tea.

About ten members of the Hamilton Branch motored to Toronto on April 21st to attend the Annual Meeting and tea of the Toronto Branch. Mrs. Grant Glassco first entertained the out-of-town guests at luncheon.

* * *

Ottawa Branch —

Marriages :-

Nancy MacCarthy to Robert Minnes, in September, 1932.

Sybil Rhodes to James Bonbright, on April 9th, 1933.

Births :-

Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Wilson (Nora Macoun), a daughter, October, 1932.

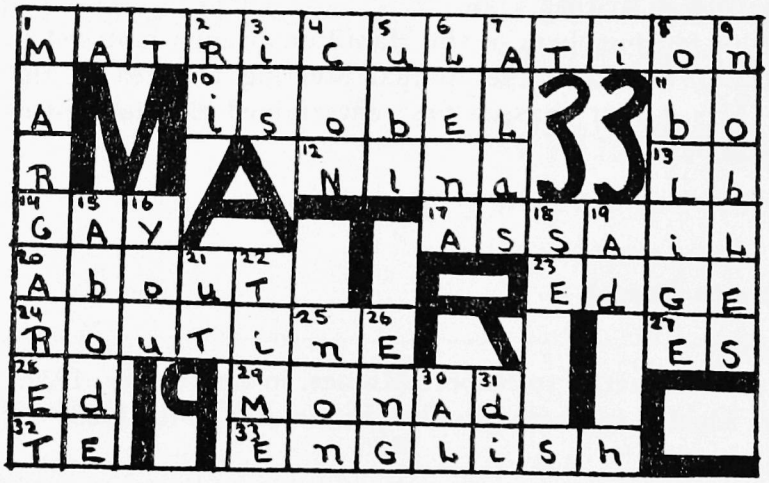
Mary Taggart graduated from McGill University in Arts, 1932.

Prudence Holbrook, a member of the Minto Skating Club, was one of the North American and Canadian Champion Four of 1933.

THE END



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